

The Hart
1930

127 Grant St. Hampton, Va.

Miss Fannie McGill
Miss Fannie McGill

FANNIE MCGILL

The Hart

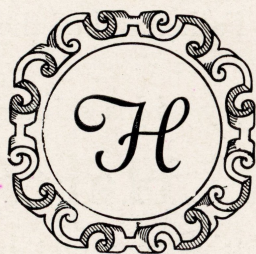
1930





HARTSHORN MEMORIAL COLLEGE

THE HART
of
Hartshorn Memorial College



PUBLISHED BY
THE CLASS OF 1930
RICHMOND, VA.

For the love of Christ, who gave Himself for the redemption alike of every race, and

For the love of country, whose welfare depends upon the intelligence, virtue and piety of the lowly as well as of the great, and

With tender sympathy for a people for whom till late no door of hope has been opened and aspirations has been vain, and

With desire and hope for the enlightenment of the dark continent, the Fatherland of the colored race.

In memory of his sainted wife,

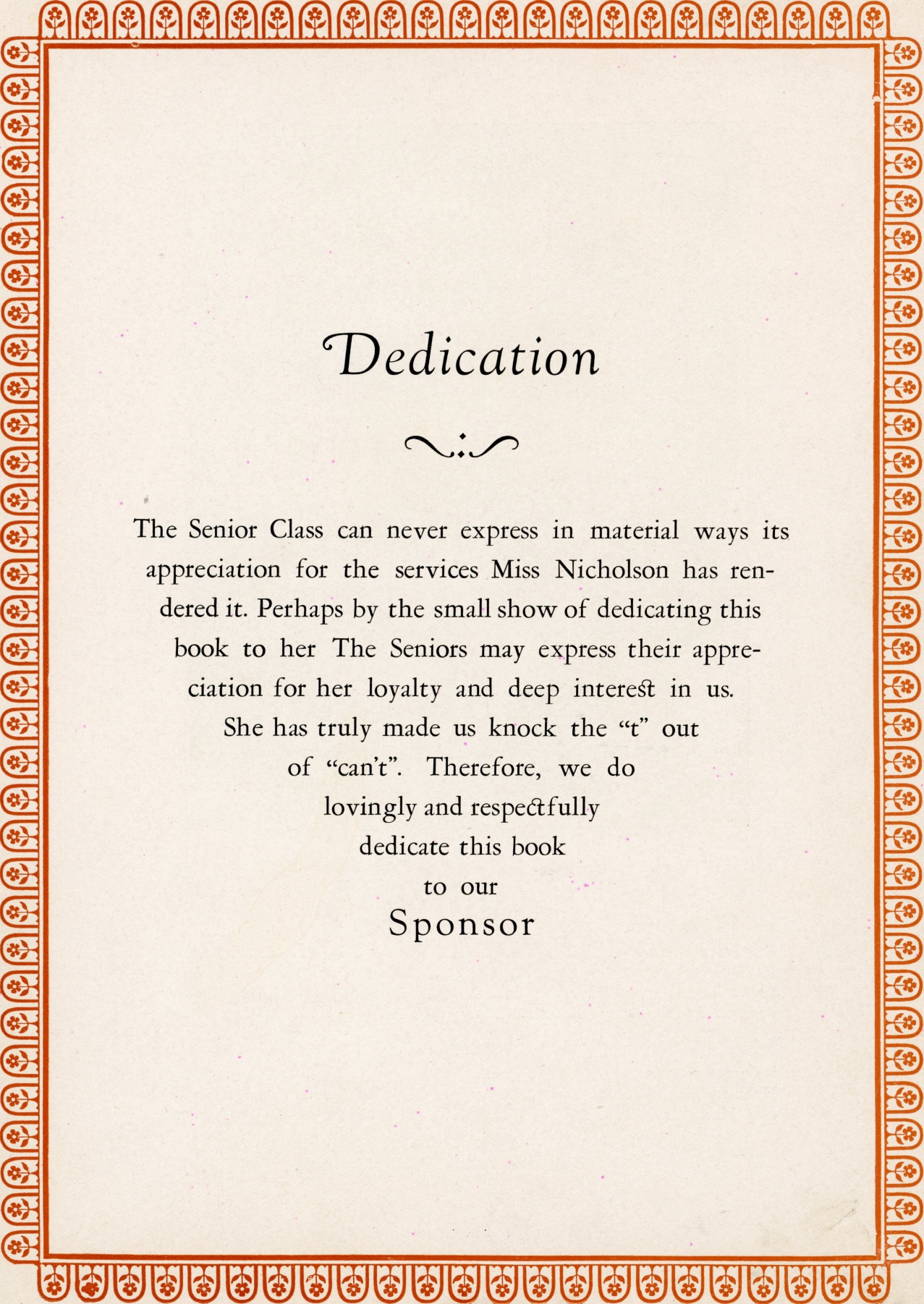
Rachel Hartshorn

that her faith and charity might be reproduced and perpetuated in the lives of many, this institution was founded by

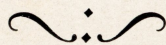
Joseph C. Hartshorn

of Rhode Island

Founded 1883



Dedication



The Senior Class can never express in material ways its appreciation for the services Miss Nicholson has rendered it. Perhaps by the small show of dedicating this book to her The Seniors may express their appreciation for her loyalty and deep interest in us.

She has truly made us knock the "t" out
of "can't". Therefore, we do
lovingly and respectfully
dedicate this book

to our
Sponsor



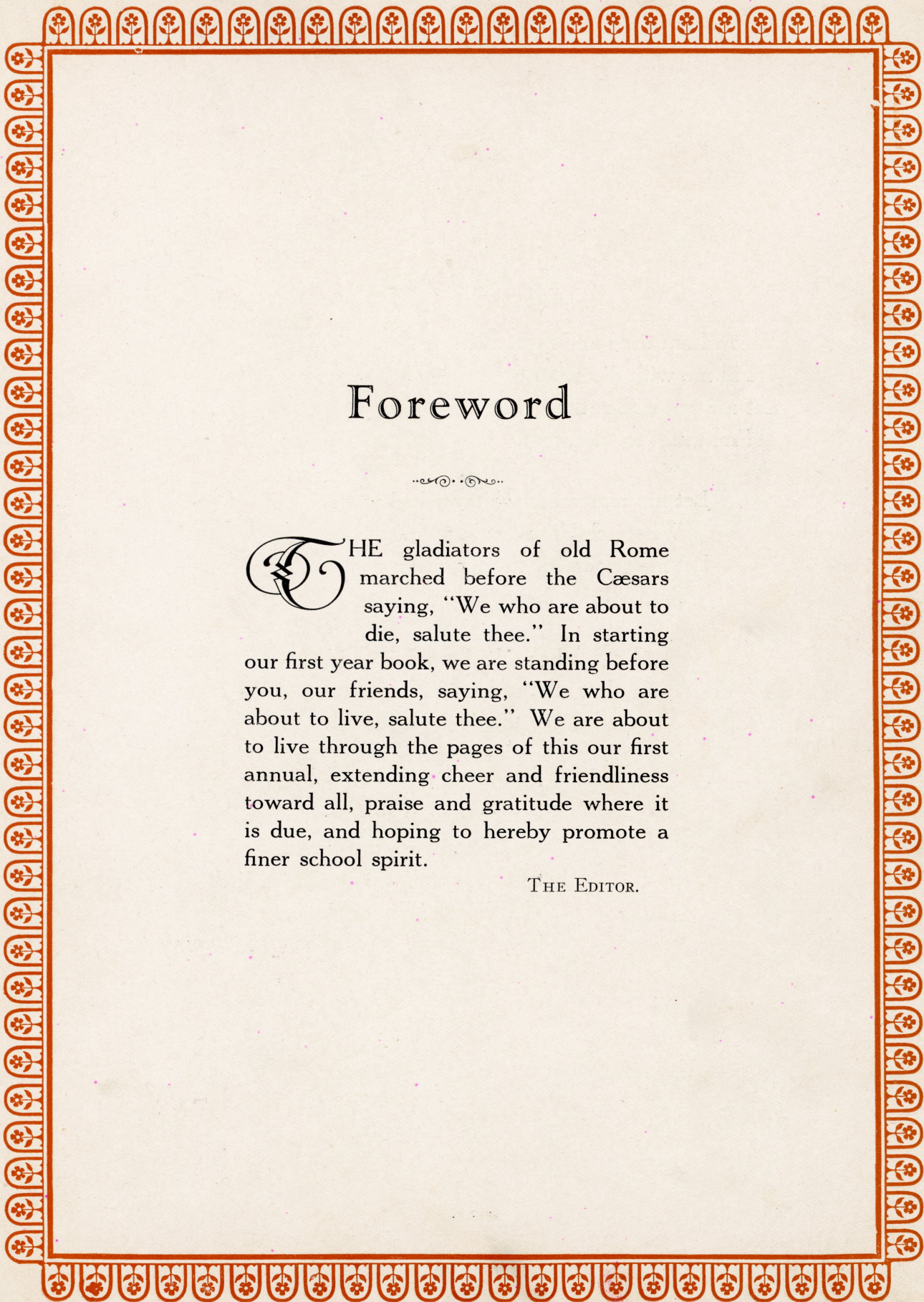
THE HART STAFF

STANDING:

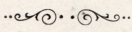
RHUBELLE KIRKLEY *Art Editor*
 RACHEL TAYLOR *Photograph Editor*
 EDITH DAVIS *Circulation Manager*
 FINETTE STEVENS *Literary Editor*

SITTING:

KATHERINE SHELTON *Editor-In-Chief*
 MARIAN PAGE *Business Manager*
 ORA MANN *Assistant Business Manager*

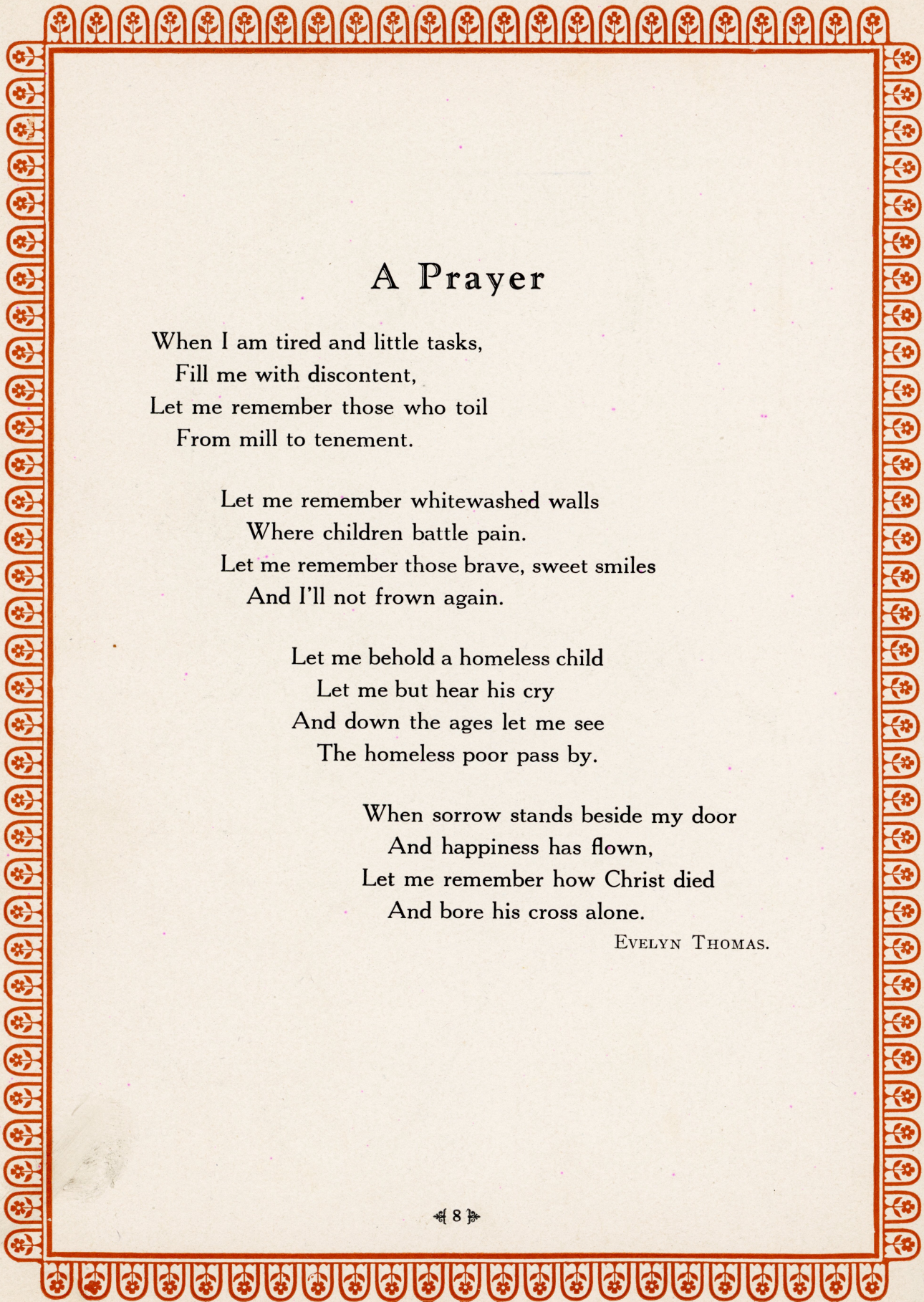


Foreword



THE gladiators of old Rome marched before the Cæsars saying, "We who are about to die, salute thee." In starting our first year book, we are standing before you, our friends, saying, "We who are about to live, salute thee." We are about to live through the pages of this our first annual, extending cheer and friendliness toward all, praise and gratitude where it is due, and hoping to hereby promote a finer school spirit.

THE EDITOR.



A Prayer

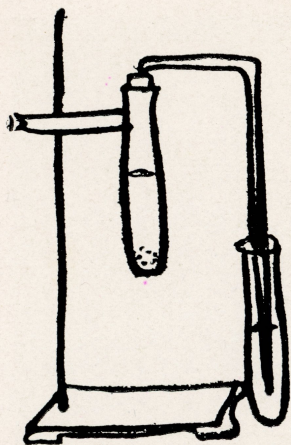
When I am tired and little tasks,
Fill me with discontent,
Let me remember those who toil
From mill to tenement.

Let me remember whitewashed walls
Where children battle pain.
Let me remember those brave, sweet smiles
And I'll not frown again.

Let me behold a homeless child
Let me but hear his cry
And down the ages let me see
The homeless poor pass by.

When sorrow stands beside my door
And happiness has flown,
Let me remember how Christ died
And bore his cross alone.

EVELYN THOMAS.



FACULTY





- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. MRS. HARRIETT I. TALCOTT, <i>President</i>
Toronto, Canada
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Toronto, Canada | 4. MISS VERTA WATSON, <i>Science</i>
Chicago, Illinois.
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| 2. MISS LAURA F. PARKER, <i>Mathematics</i>
Concord, New Hampshire
A. B. Brown University | 5. MISS HELEN JOHNSON, <i>Grades</i>
Washington, D. C.
Minor Normal |
| 3. MRS. SOPHIA R. J. CAIN, <i>Librarian</i>
Boston, Mass.
Liverpool Academy
Chicago University | 6. MISS EVELYN JOYNES, <i>House Matron</i>
Onancock, Virginia
Hartshorn Memorial College |



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Richmond, Virginia
A. B. Virginia Union University

2. MISS GOLDIE NICHOLSON,
English and Physical Training
Garrett, Indiana
A. B. Franklin College

3. MISS ELIZABETH McBRIDE,
English and Bible
Mansfield, Ohio
A. B. Western College for Women
Boston University

Chicago Divinity School
M. A. Oberlin School of Theology

4. MRS. LILLIE HOPE, *Dining Room Matron*
Richmond, Virginia

5. MISS MABEL SANGREN, *Secretary*
Rock Island, Illinois
Baptist Missionary Training School

6. MISS E. NAOMI DANGERFIELD, *History*
Orangeburg, South Carolina
A. B. Claflin College
Graduate Work Hampton Institute

Senior Class Poem

We, the class of thirty,
Have had a mighty fight,
But we have gone about it
In ways we thought were right.

We tried to start with aims set high
And hold them there alway;
We tried to make each little thing
As well as big ones pay.

And when we knew we'd surely get
Good knowledge in return,
We did not ever hesitate
Our midnight oil to burn.

We tried to make days homelike
For other schoolmates here;
We tried to do the things that filled
Our teacher's hearts with cheer.

We know that often times we failed
To do just what we should,
But still we think as we look back
We did the best we could.

We leave now other fields to take
Should old fame pass us by;
Our aims we hope to still hold up
Remembering Hartshorn High.

CATHRYN WATSON.



SENIORS



The Senior Class



MISS GOLDIE NICHOLSON

OFFICERS:

President EDITH DAVIS
Vice President KATHERINE SHELTON
Secretary GLADYS STEWART
Treasurer MISS NICHOLSON

Class Colors: Old Rose and Gold

Class Flower: Pink Rose

Class Motto: Conquering and still to conquer



EDITH WYMBYSH DAVIS

Montclair, New Jersey

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Every one loves "Tommie." For a long time she has been our faithful President.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4

Class President 4

Assistant Editor, "The Hart" 4

President C. E. 3

Secretary Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

President Girl Reserve 4

Vice President H. A. A. 4

Class Program Committee 2, 3

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Debating Team 3

KATHERINE D. SHELTON

Winchester, Virginia

Douglas J. H. S. 1

H. M. C. 2, 3, 4

"Kat" has smiles for everyone and kindness.

Vice President of Class 4

Editor-in-Chief "The Hart" 4

President W. W. G. 4

Girl Reserve 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

GLADYS ELIZABETH STEWART

East Orange, New Jersey

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Perhaps better known as Miss Hartshorn

Basketball 1, 2, 4

Class Secretary 4

Girl Reserve 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

W. W. G. 4

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Athletic Association 4

RHUBELLE LOIS KIRKLEY

East Orange, New Jersey

East Orange High 1

H. M. C. 2, 3, 4

Hartshorn's lady of affairs.

Basketball 2

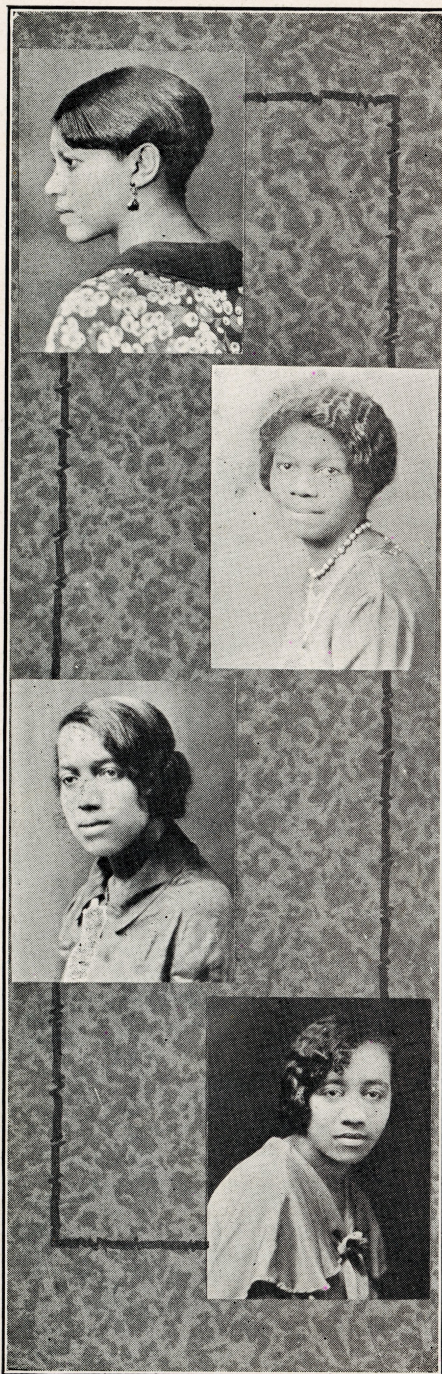
Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Assistant Secretary of Class 3, 4

Assistant Secretary of H. A. A. 4

Vice President Girl Reserves 4

W. W. G. 4



MILDRED DeLACYE BROWN

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Fredericksburg Institute 1

H. M. C. 2, 3, 4

A Latin fiend.

Vice President Class 3

Vice President Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

W. W. G. 4

Volleyball 3, 4

IRENE VICTORIA BELL

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Kind hearted and eager for knowledge.

ANNIE L. CLARK

Richmond, Va.

Virginia State College 1, 2, 3

H. M. C. 4

Quiet but studious.

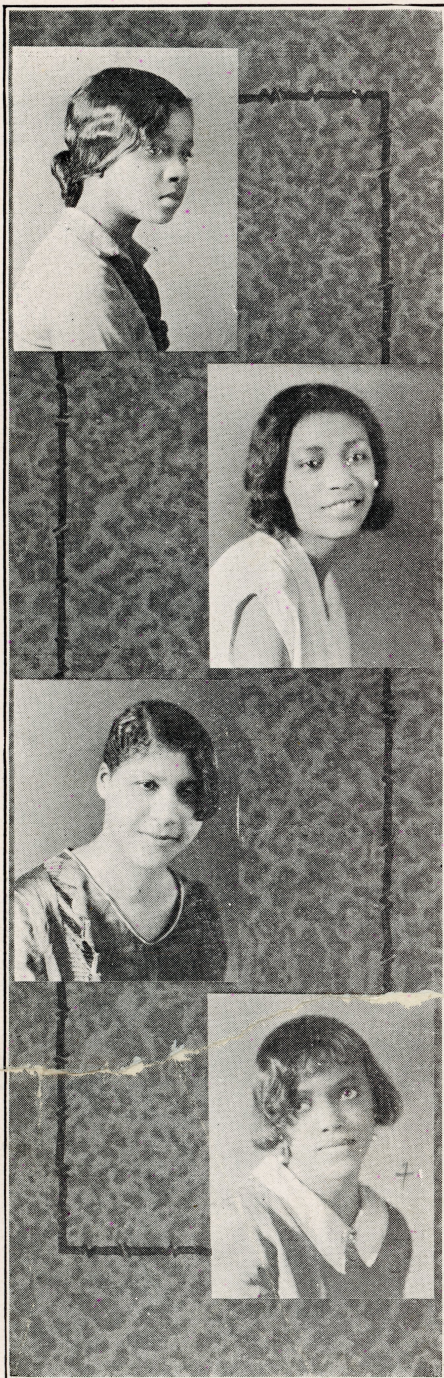
MARIAN V. DANDRIDGE

Ellerson, Virginia

Virginia Randolph H. S. 1

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Full of smiles and the class's standby.



FLORENCE DAVIS

Philadelphia, Pa.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

"Brown Eyes," she has music in her bones.

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Sunday School pianist 3, 4

Glee Club 2, 3, 4

Quintette 2

Sextette 3

Trio 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

Basketball 3, 4

H. A. A. 4

CORINNE CATHERYNE DANIELS

Washington, D. C.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

You can't call her studious, but oh, the pep.

Secretary H. A. A. 4

Sunday School Secretary 4

Basketball 3, 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

ANNIE EATON

Henderson, N. C.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

"Annie Rooney." Studious and mathematical with continuous giggles.

H. A. A. 4

Volleyball 4

W. W. G. 4

Girl Reserve 4

WILHELMINA B. FRAY

Washington, D. C.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Such tiny people have a hard lot, but Willie will make her mark.

Class program committee 4

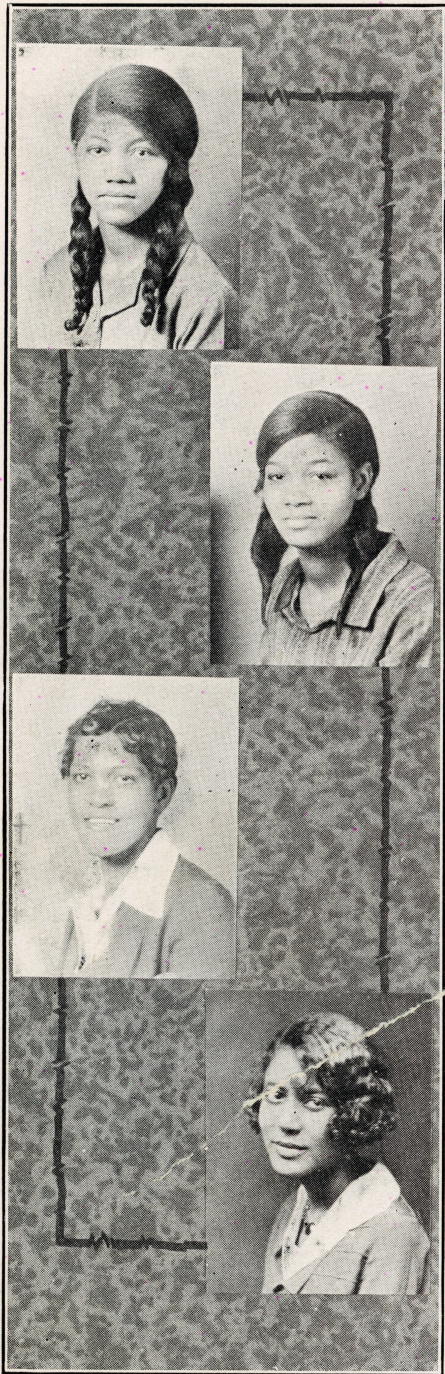
Girl Reserve 4

W. W. G. 4

Beta Gamma Phi 4

Debating Team 3

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4



ANNIE VIOLA HENDERSON

Downings, Virginia

Northern Neck Academy 1, 2

H. M. C. 3, 4

Beautiful but far from dumb.

Debating Team 3

Class program committee 4

H. A. A. 4

VIRGINIA ALBERTA HENDERSON

Downings, Virginia.

Northern Neck Academy 1, 2

H. M. C. 3, 4

Demure and practical.

B. ELLINOR JONES

Petersburg, Virginia

Virginia State College 1, 2

H. M. C. 3, 4

Full of life and information.

Girl Reserve 4

ORA MANN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn Girl's High 1, 2

H. M. C. 3, 4

Sensible, studious, a well-rounded student.

Student Forum 4

Debating Team 3

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

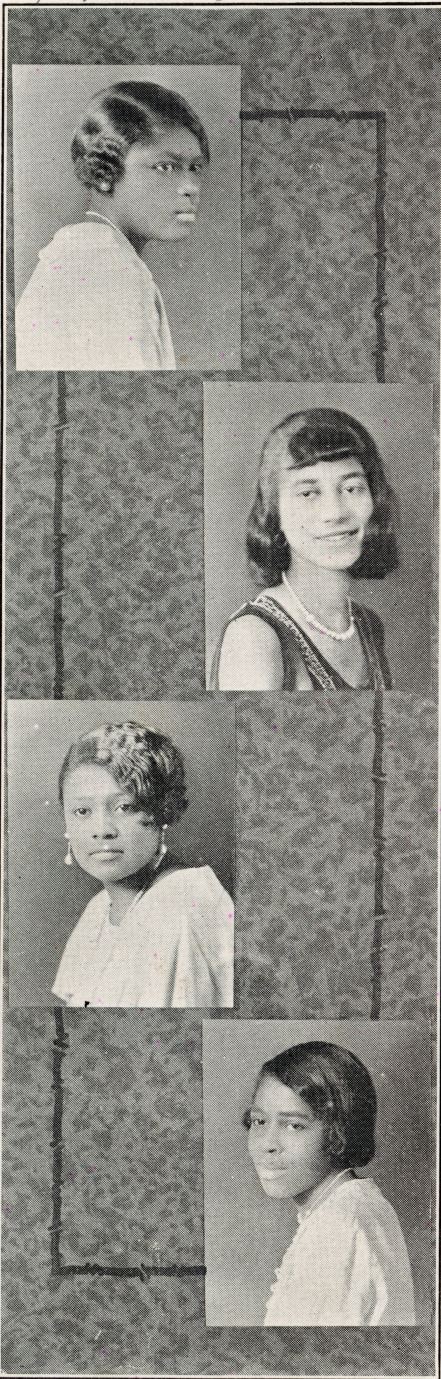
Class Program Committee 4

H. A. A. 4

Girl Reserve 4

Assistant Business Manager, The Hart

Fannie



FANNIE ELIZABETH MCGILL

Middlesex, Virginia

Rappahannock Academy 1, 2, 3

H. M. C. 4

(Fan is quiet, but still water runs deep.)

Girl Reserve 4

W. W. G. 4

Dunbar Literary Society 4

MARIAN PAGE

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

The elongated, bashful Business Manager.

Girl Reserve 4

H. A. A. 4

Business Manager, "The Hart"

MURIEL VIRGINIA PENN

Gettysburg, Pa.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Marion Talley has nothing on this miss, she's going to keep on singing and let the farm take care of itself.

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Secretary Literary Society 3

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Girl Reserve 4

W. W. G. 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

LENORA ROBINSON

Lancaster, Virginia

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Always afraid of gossip, but mighty good in conversation

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Treasurer Literary Society 4

W. W. G. 4

Class Program Committee 3, 4

Debating Team 3

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

Girl Reserve 4

H. A. A. 4



EMMA MAE ROPER

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Sharp as a razor, heady as a tack, but—
alas! what is it she lacks?

Girl Reserve 4

NORIETA RANDALL

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

She would if she could, but she can't be
anything but bashful.

Vice President of Class 1, 2

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH SHELTON

Winchester, Va.

Douglas J. H. S. 1

H. M. C. 2, 3, 4

If angel and mortal could be rolled into
one—here she is.

Basketball 3, 4

W. W. G. 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

H. A. A. 4

Dunbar Literary Society 2, 3, 4

Girl Reserve 4

RACHEL E. TAYLOR

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Well liked and a willing worker.

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

Photo Editor, The Hart



ELLA BUEK WILSON

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Ella is asleep. She has not awakened to her powers of knowledge.

BYRTHE J. WILLIAMS

New York City

Wadleigh High 1

H. M. C. 2, 3, 4

President H. A. A. 4

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

President Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 3

ALLYCE CATHRYN WATSON

Chicago, Illinois

Hyde Park High School 1

H. M. C. 2, 4

The bigger and better Hartshorn.

Vice President Student Forum 2

Glee Club 2

Basketball 2

Volleyball 2

Debating Team 2

Beta Gamma Phi 4

Girl Reserve 4

H. A. A. 4

AMANDA HARRIS

Richmond, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

Graduation brings her a just reward.



LOUISE CHEATHAM

Midlothian, Va.

Chesterfield High School 1, 2

H. M. C. 3, 4

A Chemistry hound.

FINETTE JACQUELINE STEVENS

Clifton Forge, Va.

H. M. C. 1, 2, 3, 4

She's very quiet, but just a good pal.

Dunbar Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Beta Gamma Phi 3, 4

W. W. G. 4

Literary Editor, "The Hart" 4

What You Meant to Us

To the Seniors

You, the Seniors, success have made,
And impressions that will never fade.
But greater still! You inspired each heart
That it is wise to choose the better part.

You always stood for what was good,
True virtue and better womanhood.
Culture, too, was what you taught,
Through difficulties you have fought.

In graduation, you we praise
To that class our songs we raise.
Good-bye to you we cannot say,
Just, "God be with you along life's way."

LUCILLE SHARKS.

Senior Class History

IT WAS in September of 1926 the present Senior Class began its journey among the clouds in a great airplane. It took passengers from all parts of the United States. Miss Maudestine Dangerfield was our pilot and we boarded our ship without fear. While sailing along the peaceful clouds we decided to get ourselves organized so that we might be prepared for any trouble that should arise and that we might make a successful journey with a well-trained crew.

When we were well on the way we heard a great excitement below us. Our pilot said that it was the Mississippi River which we were passing over, and that it seemed as if there was some trouble. We decided to make a landing. We found it to be a flood and that a great many people were suffering. We gave all the money we had to help them and continued our journey without stopping until June.

September, 1927 found us all ready to continue our journey as we had covered only one-quarter of the distance we had to travel. A few of our passengers were unable to continue, but others were added. As we began our flight we were greatly moved by music that could be heard in the distance. "An idea," said one of the crew, "let us stop and present a singer to the people." And we did. We presented Anita Patti Brown, a great singer to the public. It was a triumph to establish for us a good reputation. As our journey continued, several of our passengers became outstanding for their leadership and great ability. Again we paused in our journey to take a rest.

On September 26, 1928 we all met again at the old flying field. Everyone was happy for the journey was half complete and we were ready to start on the last half.

We decided to change our officers and crew, but we kept the same pilot. The journey began once more. Several of our passengers heard the call of basketball, volley ball and tennis, and held up the colors of our ship. Our passengers were now taking leading positions in all activities. Again we were called upon to come before the public. This time to present Clarence Cameron White, the world's greatest Negro violinist. The success of the adventure was unquestionable. As we continued our journey there were those who from time to time made themselves outstanding in our midst. Near the close of school we landed to entertain those in the ship just ahead of us who were about to complete their journey. We gave them a May Party, and everyone declared that they had the best time they had had during their entire trip. This ended our journey for a few months.

September 21, 1929! What a glorious day for the famous old ship of '30. We met at the airport for the last time, and everyone was excited and happy. We found we had a new pilot, Miss Nicholson, but we were no sooner on our way than we felt as safe and secure as we did with the old one. This last part of our journey was to be our hardest. We had many stops to make. First, we began to publish a yearbook, "The Hart." It was the first that any crew had attempted up to this time. Next we paused to consider a play which we presented to the public, bringing ourselves before them for the last time. Finally, our ship made a perfect landing in a whirl of brilliant commencement activities.

Who shall forget the famous ship of '30 which carried and supported great musicians, athletes, writers, and speakers? This ship shall long be remembered, and as one glances down the list of those ships which have sailed from the home port, Hartshorn, the old ship "30" will stand out among them all.

WILHELMINA FRAY.

Last Will and Testament

AS WE watch the old clock sadly ticking the seconds, minutes, and hours; and as we hear the bells ringing throughout the corridors and class rooms of our beloved old Hartshorn, we, as students and classmates, having creditably done the last duties that have been thrust upon us by our President, Sponsor and Teachers, and feeling that the end is nigh, do hereby vow and solemnly declare this to be our last will and testament as follows to-wit:

We, the Senior Class, do hereby bequeath unto Mrs. Talcott, our President, our deep and undying gratitude for her splendid guidance while we were under her care in Hartshorn.

To our Sponsor and Teachers, our best wishes for their happiness and our appreciation for their valuable teaching.

To the students of Hartshorn we bequeath our pep, originality, ability, popularity, ingenuity, and whatever else we possess that may be of value to them.

Of personal property and qualities we hereby make the following disposal:

- I, Edith Davis, to Miss Helena Lancaster my presidential ability
- I, Rhubelle Kirkley, to Olga Martin, my oratorical ability
- I, Florence Davis, my musical ability to Josephine Shephard
- I, Corrine Daniels, my pep to Margaret Harmon. She needs it.
- I, Muriel Penn, my vocal ability to Virginia Gilliam
- I, Bertha Williams, my athletic ability to Alice Jackson
- I, Elinor Jones, my frankness to Lucille Barco
- I, Cathryn Watson, whatever desirable traits I may have to my "namesake" Mildred Watson
- I, Mildred Brown, my book, "Am I In Love?" to Annette FitzRoy
- I, Annie Henderson, to Helen Loatman my scholastic standing.

We do hereby appoint the present Junior Class our chief and sole executors, charged with the execution of this our last will and testament.

Written by CATHRYN WATSON,

Signed by EDITH DAVIS, *Class President,*
GLADYS STEWART, *Class Secretary.*

Senior Class Prophecy

IT WAS late in August in the year of 1950 that I longed to see my classmates. I was in India finishing up some business when I found myself in front of a Hindu Fortune Teller's tent. Tired from travel and the work of the day, I decided to go in and amuse myself. As I entered he told me he would show to me all of the old friends of whom I had been thinking. He lifted a beautiful rug and from a metal pot a curl of smoke slowly arose. In the haze I began to see a picture, very vague at first but soon it became quite distinct.

First, I saw a small town called Woods, where Gladys Stewart was busily engaged in nursing the neighbors' children.

The next town was very lovely and I saw Lenora Robinson who was very broken-hearted because she was yet an old maid. Then I saw both Annie Eaton and Fannie McGill in France doing charity work. I saw Muriel Penn in Roumania singing before the King and Queen. Florence Davis was using her musical ability as an organ grinder in the streets of Paris. To my surprise I saw Rhubelle Kirkley in Russia playing a tune on a typewriter. When I was able to see more clearly I found that she was making out gas bills for her customers. In Switzerland I saw Louise Cheatham teaching pupils Chemistry near the top of the highest peak of the Alps.

Katherine Shelton could be seen in a home tutoring Kirk Junior very patiently. I was quite surprised when I saw Corinne Daniels living happily with her husband and her children five in the city of New York in a five-room apartment, 16th floor, 137th Street. I saw Annie Henderson a famous doctor whose chemistry was still in good condition. Edith Davis another brilliant girl was always giving piano recitals for leading clubs and schools. Next, I saw Irene Bell, a fine housewife, settled quietly in her home and teaching her children their A, B, C's.

Texas was the next State to appear. What could it mean? Soon I found out for I could see Wilhelmina Fray "punching cows" on a ranch. I saw Mildred Brown in New Mexico in the undertaking business. I could see plainly that Marion Dandridge was well contented being alone and teaching French in her usual way. Bertha Williams, another leader of those good old days gone by, was engaged in art and had her studio filled with little tots getting their first experience with chalk and water colors.

In Alabama whom should I see but Virginia Henderson opening up her millinery shop. I saw Mrs. Annie Clark celebrating her wedding anniversary in Georgia. Ella Wilson, a fine girl, was teaching mathematics in one of the leading colleges of the South. Elinor Joynes was rather old and gray, but found time to give her pupils swimming lessons. I could see Rachel Taylor at home busily getting ready to marry Pat. Norieta Randall was engaged in aviation and had just put in enough solo hours to get her license.

The next I saw Amanda Harris in a little town called None and there she was, patching her husband's clothes. Ors Mann was living in Canada with her husband and one, two, three, four, five, six children. I could see that Marian Page was the same innocent lamb that we had known in the good old days, only she was married and had a family all her own. Emma Mae Roper was still in Boston cultivating her voice to give a talk over the radio. Cathryn Watson, a tender-hearted girl was teaching languages in a large Northern college. Refreshed and happy, I left the Fortune Teller's tent and went to my hotel, "The Raj-I-put."

VIRGINIA SHELTON.

Senior Facts

NAME	CALLED	USUALLY IS	ADMIRER FOR	AMBITION
1. IRENE BELL	Rene	Sleeping	Disposition	To be an old maid
2. MILDRED BROWN	Brawn	Talking	Short skirts	To be an undertaker
3. LOUISE CHEATHAM	Lou	Moving	Smile	To be a housekeeper
4. ANNIE CLARK	Annie	Very solemn	Observing	To be a social worker
5. MARION DANDRIDGE	Ricks	Quiet	Industry	To be a Latin teacher
6. EDITH DAVIS	Tommy	Eating	Dimples	To be a bookkeeper
7. FLORENCE DAVIS	Flo	Practicing	Music	To be a musician
8. CORINNE DANIELS	Connie	Grimacing	Physique	To be a teacher
9. ANNIE EATON	Rooney	Joking	Height	To be a typist
10. WILHELMINA FRAY	Willie	Telling fortunes	Minding her biz	To be a gym teacher
11. AMANDA HARRIS	'Manda	Studying	Seriousness	To be scientific
12. ANNIE HENDERSON	Ann	Very sedate	Height	To be a doctor
13. VIRGINIA HENDERSON	Jinnie	Very prim	Length	To be a housekeeper
14. ELINOR JOYNES	Cherie	Smiling	Hair	To be a pharmacist
15. RHUBELLE KIRKLEY	Rhu	Walking fast	Hands	To be a stenographer
16. ORA MANN	Cutie	Very prim	Curls	To be a French teacher
17. FANNIE MCGILL	Fan	Studying	Her smile	To be a social worker
18. MURIEL PENN	Babes	Writing	Voice	To be a soloist
19. MARIAN PAGE	Brown Eyes	Late	Eye lashes	To store up frat pins
20. LENORA ROBINSON	Lee	Grumbling	Poems	To teach history
21. NORIETA RANDALL	Rita	Writing in class	Skin	To be a mathematician
22. EMMA MAE ROPER	Old Folks	Late	Efficiency	To be a teacher
23. KATHERINE SHELTON	Kat	Observing	Teeth	To be a professor
24. VIRGINIA SHELTON	Slim Jinny	Shooting baskets	A-h-h-h?	To be a nurse
25. FINNETTE STEVENS	Net	Mischievous	Pretty eyes	To be a seamstress
26. GLADYS STEWART	"Miss Hartshorn"	Getting assignment	Reading aloud	To be a nurse
27. RACHAEL TAYLOR	Rachael	Consoling	Punctuality	To be a typist
28. CATHRYN WATSON	Fats	Teasing	Smile	To be a doctor
29. ELLA WILSON	Skeeter	Drawing	Unused brain	To be an artist

Dearies

THE Senior Class play is always a big event in the life of a Senior. This year was no exception. The class presented a three-act comedy called Dearies. The clever acting of several of the actors, as well as the interesting plot made it a great success. The plot in short is this: Kate White at the Orphan Asylum is telling her friend Barbara Black her intentions of running away from the Orphanage and its horrid matron, Mrs. Main. Before she gets away Mrs. Langthorne, her mother, Mrs. Chase and her daughter, Sylvia arrive to look over the orphans with a view to getting one to look after Sylvia and prevent her from meeting her lover. Kate escapes and goes to the Langthorne's to live. Sylvia elopes with her lover and as they are driving away from the house they run over a little girl who proves to be Barbara, who has been hunting Kate for weeks. Babs drops her locket which Kate picks up and Mrs. Chase recognizes the picture of her daughter and realizes that Kate is her lost grandchild. They leave on a trip and Sylvia's love affair is broken because Mrs. Main has said that the man is her own husband. Dick enters the house as a maid and explains everything to Sylvia just as her Grandmother and Kate return. Kate then admits that she took Barbara's locket and the true grandchild is restored to Mrs. Chase. Kate's mother appears and takes her away from Mrs. Main forever. Of course every one is happy in the end, even to poor Mrs. Main.

THE CAST

Debora Main	The stout, wheezy matron.....	CATHRYN WATSON
Barbara Black	Sweet, loyal, anxious to do right.....	FLORENCE DAVIS
Kate White	Extreme, tense, determined.....	RHUBELLE KIRKLEY
Lena	Stupid, but gets her rights.....	VIRGINIA SHELTON
Mrs. Langthorne	Peacemaker, timid	KATHERINE SHELTON
Sylvia	Very much in love, loyal.....	CORINNE DANIELS
Mrs Chase	Easily irritated, enjoys argument.....	ANNIE HENDERSON
Anne	The maid	MURIEL PENN
Dick	Sylvia's lover posing as a maid.....	MILDRED BROWN

The characters were all lively and fitted their parts very well. All of these things joined together to make it most enjoyable. It was presented again at Armstrong auditorium under the auspices of the Business and Professional Women's club of Richmond on April 11, with just as great a success.

Junior Class Poem

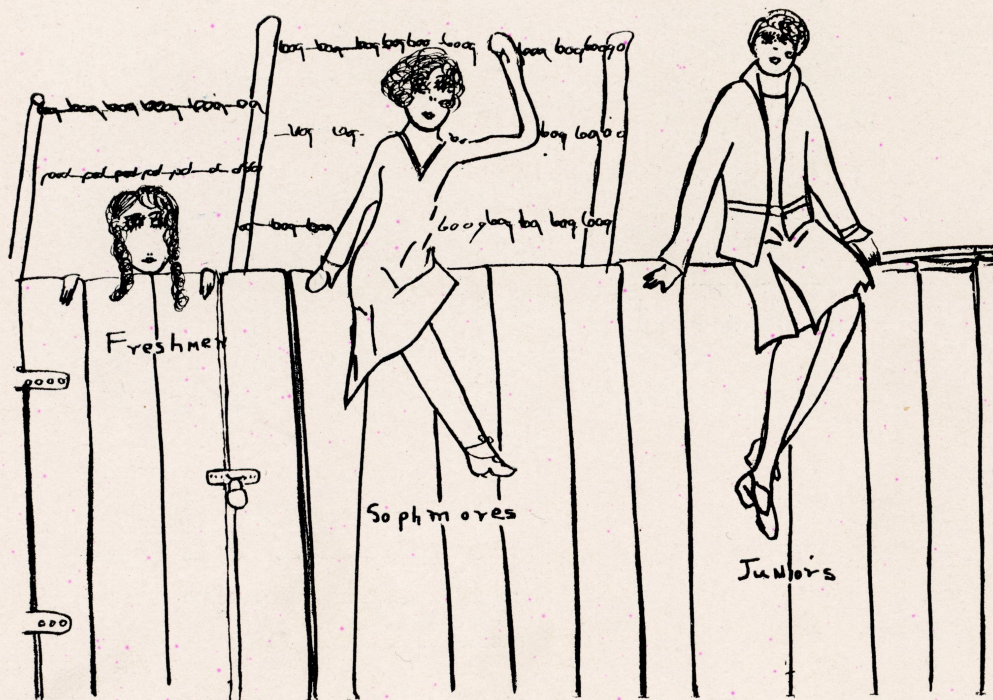
Twenty-three were we in number,
When we started on our way;
Trying very hard to gather
Bits of knowledge every day.

Each year time has found us higher
Than we were the one before;
More in number have been added,
As they come to our school's door.

We are now the Jolly Juniors,
Subjects five in number are;
And together we are climbing,
We can never go too far.

LUCILLE BARCO.

CLASSES



The Junior Class



MISS E. NAOMI DANGERFIELD

OFFICERS:

President HELENA LANCASTER

Vice President LUCILLE SHARKS

Secretary VIRGINIA MAE GILLIAM

Treasurer MISS DANGERFIELD

Class Colors: Old Rose and Gold

Class Flower: American Beauty Rose

Class Motto:



JUNIOR CLASS

First Row (left to right): MISSES ANNETTE FITZROY, VIRGINIA MAE GILLIAM, PEACHIE HAMMIEL, LUCILLE BARCO, GARNET RAMSEY.

Second Row: EUNICE JOYNER, HELEN LOATMAN, JEANNETTE LAYTON, HARRIETT WILSON.

Third Row: HELENA LANCASTER, EVELYN THOMAS, ALICE JACKSON, MARZINE TAYLOR.

Fourth Row: VIRGINIA GREGORY, MARGARET HARMON, ERNESTINE MOORE, THELMA CLAY.

Fifth Row: LUCILLE SHARKS, OLGA PEMBERTON, RUTH TAYLOR, ALICE GILLIAM, BLANCHE PEEBLES.

Junior Class History

IT WAS September, the month which bids farewell to vacation and ushers in a new school year that, three years ago brought thirty-four vivacious, eager girls to Hartshorn to start on this novel and alluring voyage called high school. At last we were off. Seventeen canoes, coupled together by chains of fellowship and love, and piloted by our able captain, Miss Landonia Lightfoot, glided swiftly down the stream of Education. In the first canoe was our captain. Her bark carried the emblem, a large rose and gold flag on which were the words, "To Lead, Not To Follow," and a tiny treasure chest containing the keys of friendship. With these she could unlock the heart of any girl in this group.

All work and no play would make the class of '31 a dull group, so it was suggested that we give a social. We planned a very unique affair; a joint recital by three members of the faculty, Misses Dinkins and Lightfoot and Mr. Mullison, followed by a Japanese tea party. With the money raised from this we gave to Hartshorn a forty-foot flag pole and flag. This was the first time an undergraduate class had made a contribution to the school.

Soon it was time for our little group to go ashore for three months' vacation and our friends were scattered far and wide.

On the morn of September 17, 1928 the group reassembled and returned to their respective canoes. Our captain did not return, and before we started sailing we elected another, Miss Laudee Williams. This time the waters were not so calm nor skies as clear as they had been a year ago. The lessons were much harder, Latin, Biology, English, Bible, and Algebra. Sometimes the thunder roared so loud and the lightning flashed in the skies so fiercely that we feared there would be a cloudburst of E's at any time, but by extra effort we were able to force back most of them.

During this year we planned and presented a social and entertainment called, "The Nation's Feast." It was held in the gym which was beautifully decorated with booths representing the different nations such as Iceland, Egypt, Japan, and others. There was good music and favors, and all pronounced it a lovely affair. With a few parties and programs in honor of our Sponsor and the Seniors, we went ashore for the second time, having completed half of our journey.

This summer September arrived all too soon. Some of our old friends failed to return, but several new ones were added. Among those reported missing was our President. Miss Helena Lancaster was elected to take her place. Again this year we elected a new captain. Miss Naomi Dangerfield was our new Sponsor. She came to us as a very able Sponsor and at once received one hundred per cent cooperation from the class. During the year various interesting and original Chapel programs were presented by this class. As spring came on, we begun to look forward to the formal banquet with which the Juniors entertain the Seniors. This year the Junior Class has been planning some kind of an entertainment to increase the finances for this long-looked for time when we, the class of '31 will bid farewell to the class of '30, and place upon our shoulders the mantle of Senior dignity and responsibility.

ALICE JACKSON.

The Sophomore Class



MISS VERTA WATSON

OFFICERS:

President HOPE HUNTER

Vice President RUBY BROWN

Secretary MARY BOLDEN

Treasurer MARY HILDA JOHNSON

Class Colors: Orchid and Silver

Class Flower: Orchid

Class Motto: Ad aspera at astra

Sophomore Class Poem

Hope Hunter is the best of presidents,
Ruby Brown lives in a beautiful residence;
Madlyn Jackson is a cute little girl,
Kathryn Evans wears a beautiful pearl;
Margaret Carter is smart and sweet,
Willa Vinson is nice and neat;
Dorothy Lewis is a talkative child,
Lillian Walker is very mild;
Mildred Watson is smartest of all,
Harriet Greene is very small;
Mary Bolden would never flirt,
Norma Kane is very alert;
Hilda Johnson is too nice to marry,
Mary Layton learns all her head can carry;
Daisy Long likes to rest,
Adele Robinson takes great pains with her dress;
This ends our list of Sophomore scholars,
We think they are worth all the world's dollars.

DOROTHY LEWIS.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row (left to right): MISSES MILDRED WATSON, ELIZABETH HARRIS, HELEN BRITTON, RUBY BROWN, ADELE ROBINSON.

Second Row: MARY LAYTON, MARY BOLDEN, DOROTHY LEWIS, MADLYN JACKSON.

Third Row: HOPE HUNTER, WILLA MAE VINSON, HILDA JOHNSON, NORMA KANE, HARRIETT GREENE.

Fourth Row: LILLIAN WALKER, KATHRYN EVANS, MARGARET CARTER.

Tour of the Class of '32

IN OCTOBER, 1929, the members of the Freshman Class met in a classroom of Hartshorn Memorial College with our Sponsor, Miss Helen Johnson. Our purpose was to organize for a four-year tour. After careful consideration the officers were elected. I'll never forget that day; it was a beautiful autumn day, and everyone was so excited because on that day the class of 1932 was actually to begin touring. The officers were elected as follows: President, Hope Hunter; Vice-President, Mayme Cook; Secretary, Palmist Hicks; Treasurer, Elene Williams. After the officers were elected, the tour progressed quite rapidly. Like all tourists, we had an aim. It was to stand for the best in young womanhood. We wanted to hold up the high standard of Hartshorn.

The tourists met twice every month during the year. I'll try to tell you something about our complete year's travel. Programs were given often, and the members of the tour were ready to serve to the best of their ability. In order that the tour might be successful, it was necessary that each tourist do her part, and under the wonderful direction of Miss Johnson we succeeded.

We wanted to do something for Hartshorn, so we planned a "class activity." After we pondered and worried, we decided to give a college comedy entitled, "After the Game." The play was a great success, due to the efforts of every member of the cast. Miss Johnson was an indefatigable coach.

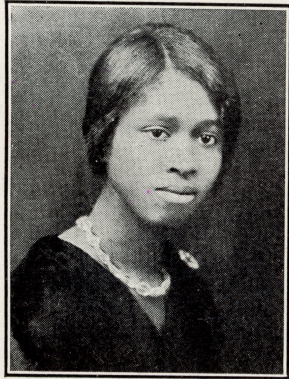
While on our tour we wished to leave something to represent our first year's travel. So we furnished a room on the second floor of Founder's Hall for the students. The room was attractively and cozily furnished with green wicker furniture; it is called the Green Room or the Friendship Room. We achieved all we attempted, and had a very successful tour. A break came in our tour and we departed for our homes.

In October, 1929, we had a reunion so that we might continue our tour. Many of us were sad and disappointed, because when the roll was called, some of our fellow-travelers were missing. At the same time we welcomed several new members to our group. We lacked many of our officers, so the present group of leaders was elected at the beginning of this year.

The tour has been very interesting and has offered many pleasures to the travelers. This year we chose a new motto, "Ad Astra Per Aspera." Under the guidance of our Sponsor for this year, Miss Verta Watson, we expect to surmount all difficulties and rise to the stars.

HOPE HUNTER.

The Freshman Class



MISS PAULINE WYNDER

OFFICERS:

President ALMA JEFFRIES

Vice President ALTHEA JOHNSON

Secretary CAMILLA BROWN

Treasurer OLGA MARTIN

Class Colors: Blue and Gold

Class Flower: White Carnation

Class Motto: Make the best better

Freshman Class Poem

Our class is small, we know 'tis true,
But we each have our own bit of work to do.
We are only starting out in life
To meet the battles and the strife.

We are considered Freshies green,
But we can prove that we are queens
In behavior and self-control,
If this we do we will win the goal.

In the Freshman class we have great fun,
But not until our work is done.
We sing, we play, and also work,
But never do we try to shirk.

This class of '34 will try to be best,
And prove to all we've beat the rest.
In improvement of manners and of ways
We'll make our future brighter days.

ALBERTA HANSBROUGH.



FRESHMAN CLASS

First Row (left to right: MISSES ELIZABETH ROBINSON, ALMA JEFFRIES, MILLIE PHOENIX, NELLIE JONES, ALTHEA JOHNSON.

Second Row: ALBERTA HANSBROUGH, RUTH FAGAN, FLORENCE FORD.

Third Row: ALICE SAVAGE, LOUISE JOHNSON, CAMILLA BROWN, OLGA MARTIN.

Fourth Row: CHARLOTTE JACKSON, CHRISTINE HAITH, ELEANOR WALLACE.

Fifth Row: IRENE SPARROW, MARION JACKSON, IDA BAKER.

History of the Freshman Class

THE Freshman Class of Hartshorn is not a very large class, but is a very progressive and ambitious one. Most of the members of this class were students in the Grammar Department and under the guidance of their teacher Miss L. W. Williams they organized and elected officers. Under this organization they enjoyed many activities, the most outstanding of which was the Christmas bazaar. The year was well-rounded with activities, such as a play, and various programs and appearances.

At the beginning of the new year in September of 1929, nearly all of the old students returned to enter as Freshmen in the high school. The new students were greeted and made welcome by the old, and after the first few weeks of getting settled, we organized for this year's work. We have held class meetings regularly and our work has progressed. We are all striving to become Sophomores in good standing next year.

ALTHEA JOHNSON.

TEN LITTLE FRESHIES

Ten little Freshies went out to dine,
One overate and that left nine.
Nine little Freshies stayed out rather late,
Sophs initiated one and then there were eight.
Eight little Freshies, too good for heaven,
One got too good for some and that left seven.
Seven little Freshies up to some trick,
Mrs. Hope caught one and then there were six.
Six little Freshies into studies dive,
One couldn't dive well, and that left five.
Five little Freshies said they'd pass sure,
Miss Parker soon changed one's mind and then there were four.
Four little Freshies out for the team you see,
One wasn't good enough and then there were three.
Three little Freshies knew not what to do,
One just up and quit and that left two.
Two little Freshies said they'd have some fun,
Mrs. Talcott came along and that left one.
One little Freshie said her work was done,
So she cried until she died and that left none.



THE GRADES

Front Row: MISSES ELLA CAMPBELL, LAMAY ALLEN, CHARLOTTE JOHNSON.

Second Row: MISSES HESTER WATSON, LORRAINE STRAUS, PHYLLIS MACON, JULIA PITT.

Third Row: MISSES PEARL GIBBS, FAITH MORRIS, LAURA ANDERSON, ETHEL CHENERY.



MISS HELEN JOHNSON

OFFICERS:

President PHYLLIS MACON

Secretary ELLA CAMPBELL

Treasurer MISS JOHNSON

Class Colors: Green and Gold

Class Flower: Sweet Pea

Extracts from the Diary of a Grade Student at Hartshorn

September, 1928.

Well here I am, Diary, in Richmond, Va., at Hartshorn in boarding school. I am scared stiff. This is my first time from home—all the way from Home, Sweet Home, in Princeton, N. J. (Diary, let me whisper something sh-h-h- I want to go home. I thought I was going to be brave, but I'll confess to you that I really am not now.)

A little later in the day

Really, since I've seen the buildings, I believe I am going to be satisfied. Students are coming and going everywhere. Will I ever get settled? Will I ever get used to it all? Bells for breakfast, bells for supper, nothing but bells, bells, bells. I wonder if Poe was in boarding school when he wrote "The Bells."? Diary, dear, I've met a lot of nice girls who seem to want to be my friends. I see there are good things in store for me. I remember the saying, "When the cat's away, the mice will play" holds true in every boarding school. I like my classmates, and I think I am going to like my teacher too. She is not much larger than I am.

December, 1928.

Gracious, Diary, I can hardly write this because I soon will be at home. The only thing I regret is that I don't have long to stay. None of my classmates are as anxious as I am to go home. Of course I am always looking for Santa Claus. This is December 20. Oh, I must hurry. I am leaving on the 12:01 train. Most of the girls leave on the 12:01. Diary, the fun we had on the train can not be put on paper. The happiest moment of my life was when the train stopped at Princeton. Home was in sight. Goodbye, Diary.

June, 1929.

Well, Diary, do you know one thing—it is time to go home again. We gave the Eighth Grade a party. After the party was over, the Eighth Grade received their certificates. They looked so good that my classmates said, "Let's come back to Hartshorn next year to get our diplomas." We were glad they got theirs and were sorry that we couldn't get ours for another year yet. Diary dear, the saddest part of school life is when the parting time comes. Some friends we may see again, and some we may not. Oh, Diary, I can't tell you how one feels, so I will say goodbye until the next time.

September, 1929.

In the Eighth Grade at last. We, ourselves can hardly believe it. Oh, Diary, the one thing I am looking forward to is when we graduate. That will be the happiest time of our lives. Diary, listen, some of my classmates did not return this year. I have lots of new classmates, too. We hope to have a lot of good things in store for them.

June, 1930.

School is over! I am ready to be a Freshie in high school at last. I don't know whether to laugh or cry, yet I am glad. I have had so much fun in boarding school, I am glad I came. I am on the verge of tears, for I hate to say goodbye to my friends. I wonder what our class has in store anyway. I hate to say goodbye to my teachers, but vacation has to come. I wonder what my classmates will do anyway. I wonder if you will forgive me Diary, if I imagine just a little bit? Let me see, about twenty years from now, Miss Julia Pitt will be the head of a music department in Portsmouth high school. Miss Ella Campbell will be abroad studying music. Miss Pearl Gibbs will have a quiet, fashionable gown shop in Philadelphia. Miss Faith Morris will be teaching dramatics at Howard University.

O dear, Diary, let me get back to earth again. I must go and finish packing, or do something to keep from crying. So long, Diary. But before I go, let me tell you—I will never, never forget Hartshorn.

PHYLLIS MACON.



THE GLEE CLUB

MISSSES FLORENCE DAVIS, ERNESTINE MOORE, EUNICE JOYNER, EVELYN THOMAS, HELENA LANCASTER, ANNETTE FITZROY, HOPE HUNTER, MURIEL PENN, VIRGINIA GILLIAM, OLGA MARTIN.

The Glee Club is sponsored by Miss Ethel Dinkins and is composed of those members of the student body who are interested in vocal music. The purpose of the club is to train students and to inspire them to love and appreciate good music. The Glee Club rehearses often, and on the fourth Saturday of each month they have a musical entertainment which is of great value to all students and friends of the school. In December they had a joint recital with the Treble Cleff Club of Richmond, and some of the well-known people participated. The Glee Club appears on many occasions, and we can always count on them to give us some really good music.



BETA GAMMA PHI

First Row left to right): MISSES RHUBELLE KIRKLEY, ALICE JACKSON, ANNETTE FITZROY, CORINNE DANIELS, VIRGINIA MAE GILLIAM, EUNICE JOYNER, HARRIETT WILSON, GARNET RAMSEY.

Second Row: LENORA ROBINSON, HELENA LANCASTER, JEANNETTE LAYTON.

Third Row: RACHEL TAYLOR, FLORENCE DAVIS, FANNIE MCGILL, VIRGINIA SHELTON, KATHRYN SHELTON.

Fourth Row: FINETTE STEVENS, WILLA MAE VINSON, MILDRED BROWN, GLADYS STEWART, ORA MANN, CATHRYN WATSON.

Fifth Row: ANNIE EATON, EVELYN THOMAS, MURIEL PENN, HOPE HUNTER, WILHELMINA FRAY, MARIAN PAGE, MILDRED WATSON.

Beta Gamma Phi Sorority, a local organization, was organized in 1928, and has as its aim Better Girls, Better Scholarship. This organization has done much to create higher standards among the girls. Near the end of January, initiation week made life rather miserable for the fifteen pledges. The week ended with initiation and a reception for the new members. The officers are:

<i>President</i>	BERTHA WILLIAMS
<i>Vice President</i>	MILDRED BROWN
<i>Secretary</i>	EDITH DAVIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	FLORENCE DAVIS



HARTSHORN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Hartshorn Athletic Association was organized for the first time this year. Its original purpose was to sponsor all athletic activities of the school. About twenty-five members were enrolled. The meetings of the Association have been to make plans for all games and other work of the athletic department. Part of the time has been given over to talks on first aid and health and disease by Miss Nicholson. The Association has done its work very successfully, as it helped to keep the department out of debt all through the season and promoted a fine athletic spirit.

Athletics

HARTSHORN'S Athletic season opened with a bang on January 25, 1930, when the team met the high school girls' team from Virginia State College at Petersburg. The game was played on our own court, and the girls showed excellent form for the first game of the season. It was a hot contest throughout, and Hartshorn came out on top of a 15-14 count. The team gave all they had, and the large crowd supported them to the end. We were very proud of our girls for State is an old and bitter rival.

The return game came on Saturday, February 8, when the team and a number of supporters from among the students and teachers journeyed to Petersburg in a large Greyhound bus. We had a great time on the trip, and we were received and entertained beautifully at the college. The game was played on a court about twice as large as ours, and probably had a lot to do with causing the disheartening 21-5 defeat. Many of the girls had never played on a foreign court before, and all was strange to them. However, they fought to the end and we were proud of the showing they made.

Practice was again resumed in preparation for a game between the Varsity and a team from Beta Gamma Phi, on February 22. The game was of great interest to all and the crowd enjoyed it greatly. This game added another victory for the Varsity. There was a fine sportsmanlike spirit pervading the whole contest. Such games are very valuable in promoting fine school spirit.

On Marh 8, 1930, Coppin Normal School, from Baltimore, invaded the local camp and we had a game which, although the score was against us, was most satisfying in its sportsmanlike and friendly atmosphere. We lost to them 23-16 after having controlled the game until the last five minutes. It was hard to lose as many of the girls are Seniors and were playing their last game for Hartshorn. However, the team played well and lost well and Hartshorn may well be proud of her team.

On March 29, we staged another game between the Seniors and the Sports. Here we had one more chance this year of seeing some real basketball. On both teams were varsity members also. The score went nip and tuck from the beginning to the end. The Seniors won a 20-21 count, but the Sports played an equal brand of ball and fate decided the score.

We cannot end this writing without mentioning a few outstanding students in the field of honor. There is Corinne Daniels who is one of our best athletes and perhaps showed the best form all through the season. She has helped our team to fight many a hard battle to victory.

Virginia Shelton is another all-around athlete, and without her as center we would have a hard time intercepting those high passes.

She was ably supported by Florence Davis who was always at her side. Flo is our "little athlete" and she scooped 'em up off the floor while Jinny brought them down from the rafters.

Edith Davis and Millie Phoenix held down the guard positions and won much applause from the stands with their tight guarding and long, quick passes.

Of course every one knows that a varsity cannot get far without the girls who come faithfully to practice and then usually sit on the bench during the game. This year we have to commend Mary Lou Bolden, Nellie Jones, Mildred Watson, Alice Jackson, Gladys Stewart, and others for their fine work and cooperation.

In these few games played this season the girls have received experience and training which will always be helpful to them. Five girls will be lost through graduation. The others have two or three more years to play, and we hope that they will develop into a great team. In general our season has been most successful, and may we close with this little poem in the name of better athletics.

When the one great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost
But how you played the game.



THE BASKET BALL TEAM

MISSSES VIRGINIA SHELTON, ALICE JACKSON, MARY BOLDEN, CORRINE DANIELS, GLADYS STEWART, MILLIE PHOENIX, KATHRYN EVANS, NELLIE JONES, MILDRED WATSON, FLORENCE DAVIS. Missing from picture, Captain Edith Davis.

WORLD WIDE GUILD

The W. W. G. is a part of an organization known throughout the world. The Rachael Hartshorn chapter meets on the third Saturday night of each month, and has for its purpose the broadening of the missionary interests of the girls. The members take active parts in all meetings, and have a chance to exhibit any powers of leadership. This organization is sponsored by Miss Sangren. The officers are:

President MISS KATHERINE SHELTON
Vice President MISS HELENA LANCASTER
Secretary MISS NORMA KANE
Treasurer MISS VIRGINIA SHELTON

GIRL RESERVE

The Hartshorn Girl Reserve chapter which was organized under the direction of Miss Jean Pace, Y. W. C. A. secretary, has proved a great success. She seems very interested in the girls and has helped them in planning many entertainments and parties. The aim of this group has been, "To face life squarely, and to find and give the best. The Sunday evening services under the leadership of Miss Pace have been very beneficial and full of inspiration.

LES BIJOUX CLUB

This club is composed of the day students of the Senior Class. They organized themselves last fall, and adopted a three-fold purpose for the club activity, namely: Society, Literature, and Class Service. With Service as their motto, the members of this club proved themselves to be worthy of the stand they proclaim. They did much to bring about better class spirit, and helped in a material way by giving good-sized sums of money to the year book fund. The class appreciates their efforts.

DUNBAR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Dunbar Literary Society had as its aim to bring to the students a better type of literature. It has been sponsored by Miss Pauline Wynder. It meets the first Saturday night of each month. This society looks out for persons who have achieved in literature, and from time to time, has these persons speak to the students. At other times we hear selections from some of the finest writers. In doing these two things, the literary society becomes a great benefit to all Hartshorn students.

Music

An Essay by Helena Lancaster

SOME years ago I was taken to a musical recital. To me it seemed the grandest night in the world. And from then until now I have only wanted to be a music teacher or player in some form. Music both vocal and instrumental appeals greatly to an inner something within me, that makes me adhere more closely to my first desire.

Music it seems is the major art, or one of them and is greatly appreciated by all people. That night of the recital there were songs played that seemed to talk without words. In music we find soothing for the sick and weary, comfort for the lonely and heart-broken. We find, above all, joy. What word which makes us all stop and think for a moment?

Analyzing the word, we find that J might stand for Jesus, first. That means that in our ability to play well we should appreciate enough Jesus' gift of music to play His beautiful hymns, songs and prayers. Then O is for Others, next. This makes us seem unselfish in our effort to play when we strive to please others. And in trying it makes our own lives a little brighter. It cancels hate, scorn, and tattling. It gives us only enough time to get our good deeds done and impressed upon the minds of our listeners. Y is for yourself, last. Think of the consolation one gets out of doing things for Jesus, then others and how it just happens that we think of ourselves last.

This should be our motto: to make our Divine Father happy, make those about us see the beauty of God's creation, then to make our own lives beautiful so that others will enjoy our acquaintance. This is what I want to do, mold my life and character so that when I play, it will so touch others' hearts and be so imprinted on their minds that they will like to enjoy my musical composition with me.

Hartshorn Memorial College

A Short History

HARTSHORN MEMORIAL COLLEGE was established in Richmond, Virginia in 1884. It was founded by Mr. Joseph C. Hartshorn at the suggestion of a friend. As the name implies it was made a memorial to Mr. Hartshorn's dearly beloved wife who had the welfare of young women of all races very much at heart. Mr. Hartshorn cooperated with the American Baptist Women's Home Mission Society in starting the school. The site was chosen in the outskirts of Richmond, Virginia, and an old colonial estate was appropriated for the immediate site. The grounds comprise eight and one-half acres, and the buildings at that time consisted of the old family mansion and a four-room brick structure. Here the school was started under the protection of the Home Mission Society and the able leadership of Dr. Teft and Miss Dyer.

After the charter was granted giving the school full college and university powers, the work on Founder's Hall was started. Until the building was completed classes were held in the basement of Ebenezer Baptist Church. The school in the early days filled a very urgent need for an institution where young women could be properly protected while receiving a Christian education.

At one time in the process of building the new dormitory, the funds became very low. Dr. Teft sent the following telegram to Miss Dyer who was attending the quarterly meeting of the Home Mission Board: "Dear Mother: The youngest daughter sends grateful greetings. Psalm 115:14 (The Lord shall increase you more and more, you and your children). The Lord has done great things for us—but where shall my maidens sleep?" Soon the following reply was received from the Board: "We send Christian salutations and \$100. Phil. 4:19 (But my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.)"

The first year saw an enrollment of fifty-five students and there were only three teachers that year. Most of the students came from Richmond, but soon many were attracted from neighboring States, and also from the North. Slowly the number of faculty members increased and new courses were added. Pupils were carefully trained and disciplined, and after a thorough course of study in both academy and college departments, many were graduated from this school to go out into many different fields and make a name for themselves and Hartshorn.

In 1906 the work had grown so much, and as a large gift from Mr. Hartshorn was now available, the large brick building known as the Library Hall was erected. The main feature of this building was the large, well-lighted room to contain the

library which Miss Dyer had so carefully planned and nurtured. She had gathered many records and accounts of various happenings in the history of the school and had planned to make them the foundation of a fine, large library. For some reason the large library room was divided to make several smaller rooms and Miss Dyer's dream of a large, well-housed library was shattered. This hurt her very deeply, and probably because of this—she never told the exact reason why—she destroyed all of this material before she died. In 1908 the records of the trustees of Hartshorn were lost by the express company in transit. These two great losses make it impossible to get a complete history of Hartshorn.

In about 1912 the first break in the administration came when Dr. Teft gave up his position as president and Dr. Rigler became the leader of the school. Soon after this Miss Dyer resigned her position as Principal and was succeeded by Miss L. N. Zollars. Miss Dyer continued her work for one more year as a teacher.

The work continued without an interruption for the former leaders had builded well, and the present ones had their hearts in their work. Dr. Rigler was in the president's chair for about thirteen years, and did a splendid work. He was succeeded by Mr. D. G. Mullison, and at this time, Miss Shapleigh came to serve as Dean. It was during this administration that the college department was dropped, leaving just the academy with the view of making it a college for women free from any union with another school. Mr. Mullison left the position in 1929, and the place was taken by Mrs. Talcott, our present leader.

In closing let us give honor to whom honor is due, and praise of the highest to those faithful, consecrated leaders and founders of this, our alma mater, and respect and love to that consecrated band of teachers who worked under many kinds of conditions to make this institution the blessing it has been to young women both in the North and South.

THE EDITOR.

FACULTY PICTURES NOT IN BOOK

MISS ETHEL L. DINKINS, *Musical*,
Selma, Alabama
A. B. Hartshorn Memorial College
New England Conservatory

MISS GERTRUDE A. EDMANDS,
Home Economics
Norwood, Mass.
Framingham Normal School

MISS FINETTE JEWETT, *French and Bible*
West Newton, Mass.
Vassar College
Geneva University, Geneva, Switzerland
B. S. Hartshorn Memorial College

Social Life

DURING this school year many interesting and enjoyable events have taken place. The annual Hallowe'en social was held in the college chapel and gym. The girls and their guests had a jolly time playing games, chatting and eating in the spooky rooms of Hartshorn on Hallowe'en. The program was complete with readings, songs and ghost stories.

In the same month occurred the official welcome of our new President, Mrs. Talcott. A host of enthusiastic friends and students were present to welcome her. Mrs. Talcott was officially greeted by members of the faculty, student body, alumna, and friends. Each of the classes presented her a token of their loyalty. A delightful reception at the President's home followed.

The Girl Reserve party in the gym on November 15th was great fun for all. The gym was decorated in autumn colors and foliage. The program consisted of shadow pictures, solos, and selections by the orchestra which was composed of washboards, horns, tin pans and the piano. Miss Pace led us in numerous games. The social was ended by the game of ducking for apples and oranges. Favors were given to all by the Sophomores.

Hartshorn celebrated the Thanksgiving season by joining in an inspiring service in the college chapel. The service consisted of a talk by Miss Jewett, music by the Glee Club, and a program by the students who were under the direction of Miss McBride.

The usual White Gift program was held in December, just before the Christmas recess. The beautiful program of pageant and song was under the auspices of the Girl Reserves and Miss Pace and the Glee Club and Miss Dinkins. A record crowd attended, and the White Gift of the girls and friends amounted to about seventy-five dollars.

After the new semester started, parties gave way for awhile to basketball. However, they were revived with the coming of spring. The Athletic Association entertained all of the girls in school at a Treasure Hunt which carried them to the distant parts of the high seas, under the leadership of real pirates such as Billy Bones and Captain Kidd.

The climax of the year, of course, is the Junior-Senior banquet which everyone looks forward to with pleasure and enjoys to the utmost. This year the Seniors were entertained at a Garden Party on May 17, 1930. It was held in the college gym which was magically turned into a most lovely garden all set for our enjoyment. The decorations permit of no description. Suffice it to say that they were such as only a Junior Class of Hartshorn can do in this greatest of all events of the year. All of the guests thoroughly enjoyed the fine program of songs, yells, toasts, etc.

The Little Joy Garden

A Story by Alice Jackson

HE was a poor, sickly thing, as frail as a flower that had grown without sunshine. Yet, how happy she seemed. Her pale lips parted with a smile that was angelic. She never mentioned pain although she suffered day and night, obtaining little relief, and with only vague hopes of ever regaining her health again.

Yet she was happy, for she had something to live for. Something needed her frail and tender care, and that something was her flower garden, or "joy" garden as it was often called. She treasured this little garden more than anything else in the whole world. Everyone in the village stopped, when passing this little garden to admire it. They, too, seemed to get strength and joy from it. Many of them brought her slips and seeds so that the variety steadily increased until there was every kind of flower imaginable in this little joy garden. Flowers bloomed from December of one year to December of another, but they were most beautiful in June.

The arrangement of the garden was very unique. Roses of all kinds and colors formed the background for one section. Then there were zynialis which formed the background for the old-fashioned spot. In this section also grew the forget-me-nots, blue-bells, and feathery baby's breath. The bleeding-hearts climbed up on the side of the house, while the sweet peas rambled on the fence. When the breezes played among the blossoms, it was as though they were in a fairy ballroom.

The quaint little forget-me-nots seemed as pretty as the majestic rose. They were all loved and treasured by the girl who tended them. Whenever asked which flower she liked best, she would reply timidly, "I like them all very, very much, but that dear little white sweet pea, climbing on the fence over there seems to me like a baby angel ascending to Heaven. I think I like it best."

One day this sick girl sent for me to come at once. I went and to my surprise, when I entered her room, I did not see the girl with the angelic smile upon her face. In her place lay a girl with a look of misery and seriousness on her face. Her eyes were closed and her lips moved in fervent prayer. I gave a low moan. Was she dying? Not exactly, for as I came near her bed, she half opened those tired eyes and the angelic smile reappeared upon her lips.

"My dear," she said, after staring placidly at me for a moment, "no doubt you wonder why I've sent for you at such an inopportune time but—I shall be going soon—yes—very—very soon. I'm going home—home to Jesus."

She sobbed quietly, "I hate to leave all of my good friends and most especially I hate to leave my little joy garden and angel sweet peas and all the other beautiful flowers. Oh!—how I shall miss them. So, I ask you to accept my little joy garden as a personal gift. I do hope—oh, yes—I do hope you get as much happiness from working it as I have."

I promised her faithfully that I would do my best. I have done my best, my very, very best; but something still is lacking. Nothing seems to have the life it had when that little girl was living, not even the angel sweetpeas. The little joy garden is a joy no longer.

The Negro's Appreciation of the Best

THREEScore years ago a great man inspired the Negro to make the better, best. Through the decades the Negro has been striving to give and do his best.

First, what do we mean by best? Is it that which others cast away and do not want? No! It is that which everyone strives for either consciously or unconsciously, and which is hard to get—like the stars. The best must never trail in the dust. Let us glance briefly at a few of the men who have bravely upheld the best in the modern age.

Roland Hayes, born a poor man, never let his poverty dim the best which he was striving for. Many Negro youths have the same ideals of the best but are daunted by fear, prejudice, and criticism, and many other obstacles which are so often in the path of the young Negro. Countee Cullen, J. Weldon Johnson, W. E. B. DuBois, Dr. R. R. Moton, and many others of today are expressing in words and in song their appreciation of the best.

Some of the pioneers of the best are Sojourner Truth, Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and scores of others. And while paying tribute to those who have struggled for the best, let us not forget the honor due to those Negroes who by steady work, kindly words and implicit faith have shaped the morale of our young people, yet who have received no honor or recognition for their work.

Every American Negro's heart thrills at the mention of these names and builds ideals around them, thinking that they too will strive for the best. But we, of the coming generation must not and shall not want for something to spur us on at all times, but shall cultivate that inherent quality of searching, searching for the best and make it our goal.

THE EDITOR.

A Psalm

Miss Wynder is my Latin teacher, I shall not pass.
She maketh me to conjugate verbs; she leadeth me through all ancient Rome.
She reduceth my marks; she leadeth me to Mrs. Talcott's office for my grade's sake.

Yea, while I walk through the valley and shadow of flunks, I fear great evil;
her favor is not with me; her marks and her questions they torture me.

She prepareth a zero before me in the presence of my classmates.

She tortureth my brain with verbs; my cup runneth over.

Surely conditions and flunking will follow me all the days of my life and I shall be here taking Latin forever.

CATHRYN WATSON.

Tom: "Au Revoir."

Sam: "Well, what do you say that for?"

Tom: "Aw, that's good-bye in French."

Sam: "Why not say carbolic acid?"

Tom: "What do you mean by that?"

Sam: "That is good-bye in any language."

* * * * *

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

Prisoner: "That's all right, judge, I know you are too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Give me a good example of coincidence."

Bill: "My father and mother were married on the same day."

* * * * *

Kisses are like olives in a bottle—get the first one and the rest come easy.

* * * * *

DIGGING IN THE DITCH

Sam: "Where you working now, Jim?"

Jim: "Diggin' in the ditch."

Sam: "What you diggin' in the ditch for, Jim?"

Jim: "To make money."

Sam: "What you make money for, Jim?"

Jim: "To buy grub."

Sam: "What you buy grub for?"

Jim: "To eat."

Sam: "What you eat it for, Jim?"

Jim: "To get strength."

Sam: "What you get strength for, Jim?"

Jim: "To dig in the ditch."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Where do we find sugar?"

Student: "Growing on stalks."

* * * * *

Teacher to English Student: "Give the definition for anatomy."

Stude: "It is the body composed of three parts—the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick contains the vowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Johnny, can you name a city in Alaska where gold was found?"

Johnny: "No'm."

Teacher: "Correct."

* * * * *

During cold weather someone is sure to tell a teacher that it is too cold to do outside reading.

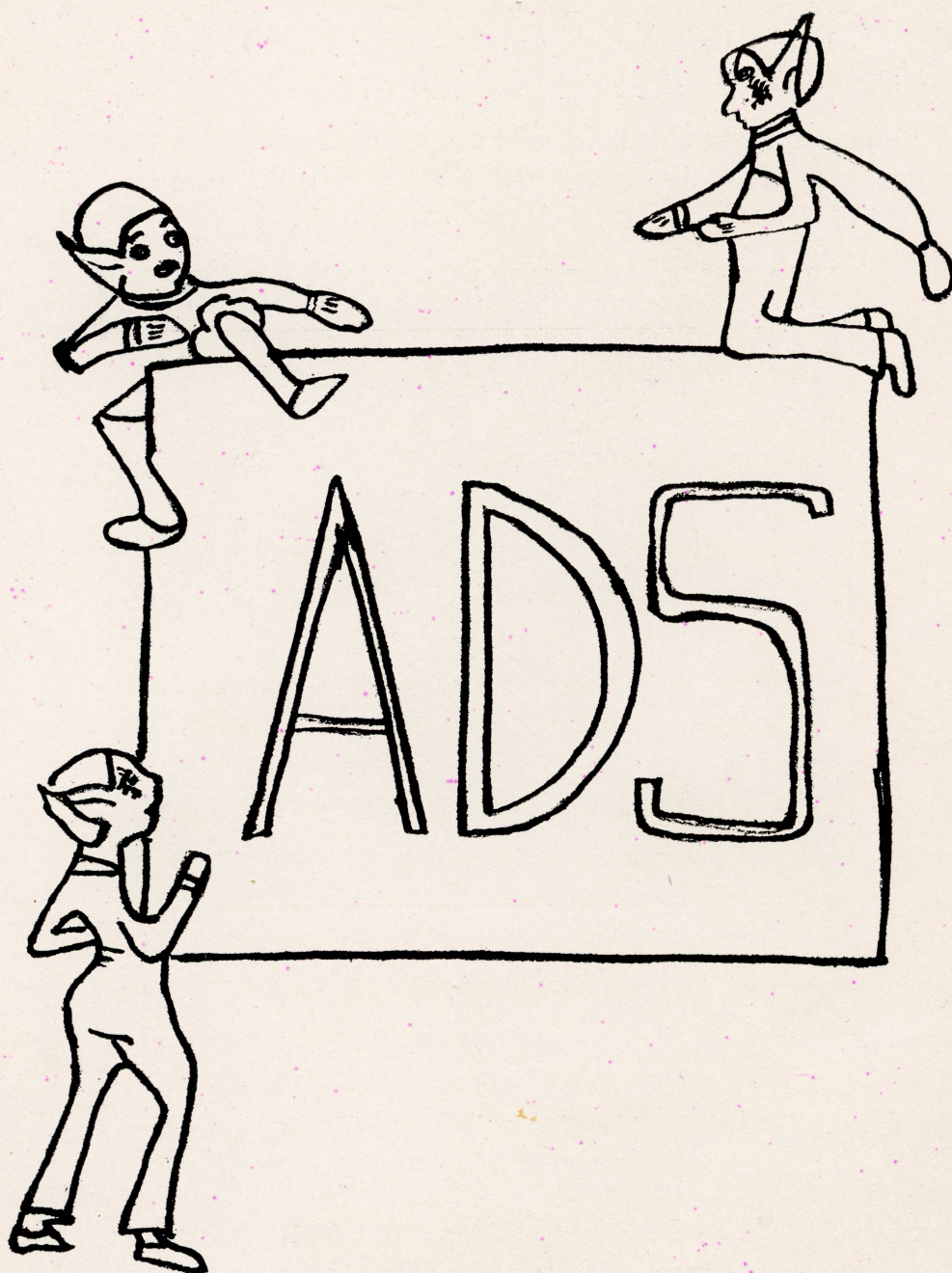
Farewell

We're leaving you now, old Hartshorn, so dear,
Four long years you have moulded our thoughts.
Our hearts are sad when leaving here,
For many joys our schooldays have brought.
Farewell, Dear Mother Hartshorn, Farewell.

Hartshorn, dear Hartshorn, we'll miss your songs,
As on to college we shall roam.
But in the future our hearts shall long
For Alma Mater which has been our home.
Farewell, Dear Mother Hartshorn, Farewell.

So teachers, classmates, friends so true,
It fills our eyes with tears.
We know we owe great debt to you
For kindness and knowledge given us here.
Farewell, Dear Mother Hartshorn, Farewell.

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